

XUTRUM HORUM:

A

COMEDY

OF TWO ACTS.

As it is now acting, with great Applause, at the respective
Theatres of

LONDON AND AMSTERDAM.

LONDON:

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1797.

[Price One Shilling.]



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

VANDER DRUGGERMAN.

BOB TRUBY.

BEN BOWLING.

HOZEN.

Young DRUGGERMAN.

Captain FRICASSEE.

COMMISSIONER.

DUTCHMAN.

First FRENCHMAN.

Second FRENCHMAN.

FRANK TRUBY.

Mr. HAWBERRY.

Mr. RAMBLE.

Mr. SAYWELL.

Farmer BUTTERS.

Mr. SIMNELL.

Captain SIMNELL,

Mr. SNARLE.

Mr. SHADOW.

SERVANTS.

W O M E N

SALLY SIMNELL.

HARRIET HAWBERRY.



UTRUM HORUM:

A COMEDY

OF TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

VANDER DRUGGERMAN'S *House.*

VANDER DRUGGERMAN, BOB TRUBY, BEN BOWLING.

Van.

WELL, messmates, and how did the Dutch night-cap fit you?

Bob. 'Faith, right well. I slept as sound, as if I had been at sea.

Ben. The grog was excellent: and the snug truckle is so like a cabin; with your dykes and canals about us, there wants nothing but the rocking of the billows, to persuade a man he is floating on them.

Bob. We are much obliged to you, old friend, for a good mooring. Ben and I are going to take a stroll about the shipping, and try if we can hit upon a cast to old England.

Van. Look ye, lads, take your own time about that. We have hauled the ropes together for these five years: we know one another pretty well; and

B

if

if you like your quarters, stay till I bid you go, and you will make us a long visit.

Bob. Thank you, honest Van.

Ben. Thank you with all my heart. (*both shake hands with him*)

Van. Now do I wish that all our countrymen on both sides the water would shake hands with as good a glee as we do.

Bob. And dost thou really wish it?

Van. Aye, o' my life do I. And I can bring you in half an hour half a hundred honest Dutchmen more, that wish it as heartily as I do.

Bob. And canst thou, 'faith? Then I'll to England, and tell them so.

Van. But in the meantime, Ben, we must stir about, and procure a pass.

Ben. And as we have now got our trunks on shore, had we not better dizen ourselves out a little before we take the streets?

Bob. If we could get a couple of better hats, and a change of stockings, there would be no harm in it. *Van.* have you ever a man at Amsterdam that sells hats and stockings?

Van. Why, do you think we must go back to India to buy them?

Bob. No: but according to Mynheer Blaze's lingo last night, one would think you were all kings and queens: no hat-makers, or stocking-sellers amongst you.

Van. Never fear it: master Hozen lives only across the way: and he'll convince you, that, great as he is, he is not above selling hats and stockings. I'll step out, and fetch him to you. [*Exit Van.*]

Ben. I think we shall find about as much difficulty in getting from the Texel to the Thames, as from the Cape to Amsterdam.

Bob. A few ducats, I fancy, some how, or some how,

how, will open a passage. Mynheer, never fear it, is still a Dutchman.

Ben. And yet they are all upon stilts.

Bob. Human nature, Ben! As we sink in real consequence, we rise doubly in what is assumed.

Enter DRUGGERMAN and HOZEN.

Ben. Oh, here comes citizen Hozen.

Hoz. At your service, gentlemen.

Bob. Look us out, then, half a dozen pair of silk stockings, and a couple of hats; and tell us the price.

Hoz. That I'll do, gentlemen.

Bob. Rare times these, master Hozen! Liberty flourishes gloriously among you.

Hoz. Aye, marry, does it. Liberty, property, and equality. Why, Sir, a citizen of Amsterdam, possessed of all the privileges and immunities of Holland, is as great as a king.

Bob. But ha! citizen Hozen, (*taking hold of his sleeve, which has a great hole in it*) why does not your kingship wear a coat a little better suited to royalty? Ben and I have been observing, that we could not meet a coat in an hour, except it were a Frenchman's, that did not look as if it had been plucked off from liberty-tree, where it had hung like a scarecrow, to fright harmony, decency, and order, away.

Ben. (*takes up the parcel*) And what is the damage, citizen?

Hoz. Half a dozen ducats, Sir, if you please.

Ben. (*pays the money*) And trade, too, I warrant me, stirs briskly among you?

Hoz. Nay, we can't say much of that. Our ports are at present—to be sure our ports at present are rather blocked up—not quite so open as they should be.

Bob. But then your manufactures;—they are going briskly on.—When your ports are open, you'll be able to stock the world.

Hoz. I cannot say that, neither. We want hands. Many of our lads have had them chopped off. And those that remain, instead of the shuttle, are handling the firelock.

Bob. Your internal trade, however—the vast influx of your new friends, no doubt, creates a deal of that.

Hoz. Nay, that is against us, too. To be sure, we have orders plenty: but not quite so much pay.

Ben. That against you too!—Why, then, what the devil is for you?

Hoz. Yes, yes; it is against us. (*opens a pocket-book*) Look ye here:—this is the pay: assignats! assignats! mandats! Rot it! I'm so loaded with assignats and mandats, that I could sell them by weight. But liberty and equality must be paid for. Why, Sir, I feel myself equal to a burgomaster.

Ben. And a burgomaster, I suppose, is equal to you,—loaded with assignats and mandats, that he could sell by the tun. And for such property, with liberty and equality in at the bargain, I would not give you back one of your pairs of stockings. And so, citizen Hozen, good bye to you. Come, Bob, we'll rig ourselves, and off.

Bob. We shall call, old messmate, on your son, before we come back again: and I suppose we shall find young Van as great a man, as our friend Hozen.

[*Exeunt Bob and Ben.*]

Hoz. Those Englishmen have no true notions of liberty.

Van. And tell us honestly, have the Dutchmen's experience of it answered their notions?

Hoz. Consider, citizen, the tree of liberty has but just taken root amongst us.

Van.

Van. And how do the branches bear?

Hoz. In general, well. Here and there a blighted one. For instance——

Van. Better give us an instance of some of the bearing branches.

Hoz. Are we not rid of a master, a despot? Look up to the convention!—may not I or you be one of them? May we not ourselves be Stadt-holders?

Van. Now, then, for a blighted branch—and, like good gardeners, we'll lop it off.

Van. You are to know, then, the talk of the day is Serjeant Pike and Citizen Miles's daughter: Polly Miles,—you know Poliy Miles. To be sure, he has been playing the devil with her.

Van. And why did not Miles cut his throat?

Hoz. Kill a Frenchman, ha!—It is a sign you have not been long in Holland. He resolved, however, to prosecute him; and so Captain Fricassée brought him to a court martial.

Van. Well——

Hor. Aye, 'twas well—well-managed, brother citizen.

Van. Did they shoot him?

Hoz. Better.—They married him: sentenced him to marry her.

Van. So, according to the new code of laws you have got, next to the punishment of shooting, is marriage.

Hor. There you mistake again: marriage is not a punishment, but a loop-hole,—as thus: Pike does an injury; he marries the girl, and makes reparation; in a month's time they quarrel and fight; then, according to the new code you were speaking of, as there is no bind and tie, they ask for a divorce, and have it. Thus, both parties are satisfied, and matters placed *in statu quo*.

Van. And are these the privileges and immunities for which you have been fighting and scratching for these five years past? I am desperately afraid, neighbour Hozen, it will turn out but a bad business at last.

Hoz. The price of liberty, citizen neighbour! the price of liberty! We must give fruits time to ripen.

Van. But there are some fruits that rot before they ripen.

Hoz. I am afraid your d——d English messmates have corrupted your principles, neighbour Druggerman: I am afraid you are not so good a patriot as you were. Sweet liberty! dear equality!—Let them ravish wife and daughter, and put all my stockings in requisition, so that *your* sweet dear blessings light on me! [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene changes to Young DRUGGERMAN's.

Young DRUGGERMAN and Captain FRICASSEE.

Fric. Why, citizen Druggerman, I thought you were a wiser man than to make such a pother about nothing; and that your wife was a more discreet woman than to set up such a squall before she was hurt. We manage these things better in France.

Y. Drug. And how do you manage them in France?

Fric. By never wasting a thought about them: and, let me tell you, it would have been much to your honour to have done the same.

Y. Drug. As how, pray?

Fric. In following such illustrious examples.

Y. Drug. Look ye, captain, it is not a little, you know,—it is not a little that would move me. You know my heart and soul burn with the flame of liberty. But my wife——

Fric.

Fric. Aye, and that noble flame should extend to your wife too: I meant only a little touch and take; a mere compliment of gallantry.—I never intended to run away with her, man.—You Dutchmen are surely the most phlegmatic beings in the world; or you would have thought no more of a compliment of gallantry paid to a wife, than to your little Dutch mastiff.

Y. Drug. Do you think, Sir, a Dutchman has no feelings?

Fric. No; but I think we Frenchmen have been long enough with you to have blunted them. Did not we knock off your chains? did not we give you liberty? and are not we to taste it with you?

Y. Drug. So you do. You come to my house, you eat my cheese, you drink my gin; but you shall not put my wife in requisition.

Fric. You shall not!—When a Frenchman wills, and a Frenchman wants, dare you, Sir, say, “you shall not?” Do you know who I am? Give my compliments to your wife, and tell her she quite mistook me: and do you, Master Druggerman, behave more like a good citizen, and learn a little civility. [Exit *Fricassee*.]

Y. Drug. “Know who I am!” Yes, perfectly. House-free, cupboard-free, wife-free; I know and acknowledge the revived monk under the uniform of the more intrusive and more insolent Gallican captain. Now have I a great mind to change my principles. But, alas! Vander Druggerman, what signify principles, unless thou couldst change practice too?—“Do you know who I am?”

Enter BOB and BEN.

Bob. Aye, do you know who I am?

Y. Drug. Bob Truby:—yes, my boy, I know you. And, Ben, how goes it, lad?

Ben. Oh, jollily; and so, I suppose, it fares with you. While we and your father were brushing the Indian seas, you have, I find, been kicking up a rare dust at home.

Y. Drug. Yes; we have been patriotically employed. Liberty and equality for ever! I told you how it would be, five years ago; and all this time, what have you been doing?

Bob. Earning a pocket-full of ducats; and 'faith, Van, I do not know whether thou hast been much better employed (*looking about the shop*); I do not see that thy shop is much enlarged, nor more cheefes in it. Why, zounds, when I used to hear thee talk of this same liberty, thou talkedst with so much glee, I thought you would have been a burgomaster as soon as ever you had got it.

Y. Drug. True; I may have no more cheefes, but I am king of my own cheefes. We have no House in the Wood, no palace at the Hague, to maintain.

Ben. And yet, o'my soul, I think things went as well when old Orange was among you. Amsterdam stinks plaguily of poverty.

Bob. The great broad silver buckles with which every Dutchman, as a badge of his opulence, used to cover his shoe, I have observed woefully dwindled; and 'faith thy own, which I remember formerly to have contemplated with envy, are entirely vanished.

Van. Now, I'll tell you how that is: it is not that I have not them; I'll be very honest. When with some of our new friends I have been passing the patriotic evening in potations to liberty, at coming away, they were apt to say, "honest Van, you will pay for me."—"I have not a guilder,"
said

said I. "P'sha!" replied they, "why you carry a score on your shoes." So, to get rid of that argument against me, I locked up my buckles.

Ben. And your vrows, too, with their fine gold plates about their temples, and their long gold drops at their ears,—I can now see none of them. What! have they locked them up too? we could scarcely see a silver topple to their pockets.

T. Drug. They are out of fashion.

Bob. And, to come nearer the point, I do not think we should five years ago have gossiped with you so long, without a slice of hung beef and a glass of ginbo.

Enter COMMISSIONER.

Comm. I come to announce to you, citizen Druggerman, that ten thousand weight of cheese are put in requisition for the army in the Hundsruck, and that two hundred weight are charged to you. You will take care that it be ready in twenty-four hours. *[Exit Commissioner.]*

Bob. "King of my own cheeses!" If this be a badge of your kingship, much good may your royalty do you!

Ben. Upon my life, it was very good in Mr. Commissioner to come in, and make so handsome an apology for you. A man cannot do every thing: he cannot both pay requisition cheeses, and give hung beef and ginbo.

T. Drug. Now, Bob, you quite mistake things; it is not the badge, but the price.

Bob. Citizen Van, I do not understand your nice distinctions; but this I understand on the whole, that you have got a phantom, to which you have given a name, and lost every thing that has a reality. So, Ben, we'll be moving; we are going to meet a couple of messmates at a music-house,

T. Drug.

Y. Drug. Where?

Bob. In Vine-street. Will you make one with us?

Y. Drug. I'll follow you.

Bob. Nay, I'll stay and take you in tow.

Ben. Then I'll be on, and have a quarter of an hour's fun before you; and a quarter of an hour's fun is, according to my time-piece, a quarter of an hour's gain. [Exit Ben.]

Y. Drug. "Know who I am!"

Bob. Come, Van, be sharp! what a plague art thou muttering about? This d——d requisition hath cursedly gizzened thee.

Y. Drug. No, no; I was thinking of a very different thing; I was thinking of the rats and mice; come along with me, and I'll shew you what a hole the devils have made in my cheeses.

Bob. I have an excellent plan of a trap for them.

Van. What is it?

Bob. To put them in requisition. [Exit Bob.]

Van. (following) "Know who I am!"

Scene changes to a Music-House.

(*A dance, during which almonds and raisins are banded about, and a bottle and glassess.*) Two Dutch sailors come forward.

1st Dutchman. What the plague are our lads about, to loiter so long beyond their time?

2d Dutchman. They will not be much longer, I'll warrant them; I do not think either of them would blink an engagement.

Enter BEN.

Ben. How is it, my souls? (*looks about him*) A nice shew here!

1st Dutchman. The merchandize would make money in India.

2d Dutch-

2d Dutchman. That girl, I am told (*pointing to Sally Simnell*), is a country woman of yours.

Ben. She sadly lost her way when she came hither. I'll change a word with her, however. (*goes up to her*)—And pray, my pretty soul of love, how long have you been here?

Sally. By every day that I have been here, too long.

Ben. But not by every night.

Sally. By every night, by every hour.—And, as one question justifies another, pray, Sir, what brought you hither?

Ben. Pleasure, my life, and love; the pleasure of loving such an angel girl as you.

Sally. No, no, no! do not prophane the sacred name of love with such a vile pretence; nor call the counterfeit pleasure.

Ben. Nay; tell me not, that I can neither see nor hear. To hear, to see, to feel (*takes her by the hand*), is pleasure. 'Tis pleasure all; and ere the morning dawn upon us, it shall be love.

Sally. No. Though avarice and oppression, sanctioned by laws, laws surely fetched from hell, consign me here to drudge in vice; though my prostituted person is for the hour at yours, at every slave's command; yet know, I hate myself, I hate thee for it. Now take thy fill, if this be pleasure; take it, if this be love.

Ben. Why no, lassie! I can't fall on here; thou seemest resolved to take away my appetite.

Sally. And thou seemest to have a heart: who art thou?

Ben. A British sailor.

Sally. Then thou hast a heart, and I will wring it for thee. Hither thou comest for pleasure, the pleasure of beholding an inglorious triumph, raised by delusion's arts on female fondness and credulity;

credulity; here seest thou, of the fair creation, the fairest part, deformed, debased, degraded, sunk even beneath contempt; and sunk by those whom nature formed for their protectors! Enjoy the triumph, and, like a fiend, smile at the ruin thou hast made. Hast thou a sister?

Ben. I had—I hope I have.

Sally. And I, like her, had once a brother; that with his heart's best blood, if that could do it, would wash away the stain of this dishonour. I had a father and a mother too, that watched my steps, hung on my looks, and with the eye of fond affection——

Enter BOB and Young DRUGGERMAN.

(SALLY sees him, and runs hastily to the other end of the room.)

Y. Drug. *(to Ben.)* I am afraid we have made you wait.

Ben. I cannot say but you have: 'faith I have been whining for you. And, Bob, do you see that lass at the other end of the room, in the green hat and veil?

Bob. I do.

Ben. Then here's a few loose ducats, *(puts his hand in his waistcoat pocket)* do, go, and give them her.

Bob. For what?

Ben. Because she wants them.

Bob. Give them yourself. Hast not known me long enough, to know I have ducats of my own for such a call?

Ben. Then give her them. And give her mine too. I would do it myself: but my eyes are not water-proof. Try yours.

(SALLY sees BOB going towards her, and endeavours to elude

elude him. BOB pursues her, catches a glance from her, knows her, and seizes her by the hand.)

Captain Fricassée (rises from a seat, and advances towards them) Hands off, Sir! that is not fair: liberty is here the order of the day.

Bob. (letting go her hand) Take her, then, that will. But he that has her, must first grapple with me.

Fri. Who are you?

Bob. A British sailor.

1st Dutchm. The girl is an English girl.

Fri. Then let them go together. We republicans will have enough of the breed before it be long. *(sits down again.)*

Bob. Why, Sally! Sally Simnell! what wonders were at work to bring thee hither?

Sally. Ah! Truby, why will you probe me thus? Leave me. If you ever loved me, leave me.

Bob. If——Heaven knows I love thee now: love thee too well to leave thee. If in the first moment of surprise I asked thee how thou camest here, it shall be the last question of the kind thou shalt ever hear from me. We will only talk of going away.

Sally. And talk of that in vain.

Bob. Dost thou not love me then?

Sally. I will endeavour not to love thee.

Bob. Sally, I feel I am not what I was. I once read books, and then could shape my words in trim expression; I drained my shallow pockets to prank myself in dress, and was the village beau; all to please thee: and I pleased thee then. But in the converse I have since been used to with the rough seas and boisterous winds, if I have caught their roughness, my heart is honest still, and still the same as ever.

Sally. I too once lived, once dressed, once loved:
and

and thou wert the spring of all. But all has since been out of order with me.

Bob. Thou lovest this place, I find,—these gay and luring scenes of sparkling pleasure.

Sally. Thou never knewest me.

Bob. Yes, I knew thee once, as angel bright : and then thou lovedst thy Truby. But ceasing this, thou must be changed in that.

Sally. My mind is changed indeed. It is become dark and gloomy. And when I see the glass, it tells me too my face is changed. It is no longer lighted, as it was, by the sweet cherub smile of innocence. Then in my mind my Truby had a seat. The seat is there : but he is gone.

Bob. Now by my life 'tis false. If there's a vacant seat, it must and shall be mine.

Sally. And whither wouldst thou bear my infamy and me ?

Bob. To where thy worth is known—where I am known—to Claypole.

Sally. Where my ill-fame is known ; where all seduction's arts Lord Ramble plied, to tear me from the lap of innocence ; even there where scorn may shun, or ridicule may flout me,—might, perhaps, flout thee.

Bob. I'll slit the proudest nose that dare curl up at thee ; and what the gossip prattle says of me, I'll laugh at.

Ben. (*with young Druggerman coming up to them*). So you are anchored, Bob, and with a country-woman. 'Faith, you bear her far better than I could do.

Bob. Here I introduce Sally Simnell to you ; whom you and Van's honest father have toasted in many a can of grog.

Ben. Sally Simnell !—she for whom thou drovest to sea, through whom I gained a friend ?—Toasted her !

her!—aye, and it shall go hard, but we will toast her again and again; though I owe the little gipsy a trimming for the scourge she this evening gave me.

Bob. She shall settle that account, my hearty lad, in England; thither, in the mean time, we must try to find our way.

Y. Drug. And thither, I believe, I can give you a lift. Captain Dash, from the Essex coast, is in town, on a little fly errand of wool.

Bob. We will turn his vessel then, for once, to a good purpose; and, if wind and wave permit it, ere many nights hence, we will hail the Harwich light-house.

(A Dutch bourgeois and girl sitting in close conversation together; a Frenchman goes up to them, and rudely places himself between them.)

Dutchm. What do you mean by that, Sir?

Frenchm. To say a few soft things to this lady.

Dutchm. She is engaged to me, Sir.

Frenchm. Not she, indeed, Sir.

Dutchm. Ask her.

Frenchm. That would be only losing time; for I would not believe her, if she told me so.

Dutchm. I do not understand this.

Frenchm. I'll make it very plain to you. *(claps his hand on his sword, and looks scornfully at the bourgeois)* Win her, and have her.

Ben. *(Apart to Y. Druggerman)* Liberty and Equality! ha! Van.

Y. Drug. The present price of those articles: that is all. The debt will soon be cancelled.

Ben. Yes, when Hozen's assignats are paid:—they will all be settled together.

Frenchm. *(rises, and apart to the bourgeois)* There, my sober soul, I do not mean to rob you of your prize; I feel no *penchant* that way: only I must

confess, it hurts my eye, to see a Dutch bourgeois make love: I would as soon see an ass play upon the fiddle. Take her, however, and do your best. I'll turn my eye another way. (*Goes up to Bob, and his party*) You are Englishmen, I learn.

Bob. We are.

Frenchm. Then you have no objection, I am sure, to a toast.

Bob. None.

Frenchm. Fill round a glass then, waiter. (*The waiter fills round the glasses*) Here is, "British beauties in republicans' arms, and British guineas in their pockets."

Bob. (*drinks half the glass, and throws the rest in the Frenchman's face*) And now, instead of a toast, I'll give you a song.

As Britannia sate on her cliffs so white,
Where beauty with opulence vied;
To Gallia she now directed her sight,
And now her own treasures she eyed.
And this was the strain,
That rolled over the main,
While the chorus the green-hair'd Nereides swell,
And each jolly Triton awakens his shell:

"My pastures are verdant, with corn smile my fields,
And my oak, which, with heart firm as that of my sons,
Of my woodlands the ample circumference yields,
Carries terror and conquest along with its guns.
I view them with rapture, with pride I declare,
My genius protects them, and touch them that dare.

"My sons never delved for Peruvian ore,
And distant I am from Golconda's rich mine:
Yet guineas I have, as you know (*holding up a piece of money*), in good store,
And in gems my angelical daughters can shine.
I view them with rapture, &c.

With

With beauty to warm, and with wit to delight,
 My daughters are lovely; my daughters I prize;
 They are soft as my breezes, they are fair as the light;
 And resistless the glance is, that darts from their eyes.
 I have heroes to guard them:
 They have charms to reward them.
 I view them with rapture, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Friend's House in England.

A Side Table in the Room,

With Dishes, Bottles, and Glasses on it:

BEN, BOB, and SALLY.

Ben.

WELCOME, my friend, to England; and my friend's fair friend, after the tossing and tumbling on our English bulwarks, how doest thou?

Sally. Thanks to your kind attention; all things considered, pretty well.

Bob. Come, my love, pluck up your spirits; we have weathered the point; and, never fear it, all will soon go right: thou hast not left them, I hope, behind thee.

C

Sally.

Sally. Heaven knows, I have no wish for any thing I left behind me; I wish I could have left more behind me than I did.

Bob. What more?

Sally. Memory, remorse, and shame.

Bob. Let memory be as busy as she will; desertion on my part, and deception on that of your seducer, will over-match remorse and shame, and scatter them in air.

Enter FRANK TRUBY.

Fra. I have ordered the chaise as you desired; and it will call here, and take you up at the door. Once more your hand, my lads, I am heartily glad to see you.—I think, cousin Bob, you have been helter-skeltering it these five years.

Bob. I believe, thereabout.

Fra. You have seen a deal of variety.

Bob. I have: I have seen madmen, that, stripped of every comfort in life, endeavour to persuade themselves they are happy; and am now come to contemplate those, who, possessed of every enjoyment, if I may believe your gib, are murmuring with the supposed pressure of every want.

Fra. Have you made free, my friends? Have you, young lady? Is there any thing else you would wish?

Sally. Nothing, Sir, I am obliged to you.

Ben. No: we have before us a very sufficient sample of the poverty of the land, which Mr. Truby has been so alarmingly descanting on.

Fra. Poverty enough, I assure you.—We can live; but times are desperate bad, and taxes damnable heavy. Now here is a new tax upon rum, brandy, sugar. You do not know what we suffer.

Ben. And yet, Sir, here seems before us to be no lack of any of them; bottle upon bottle, and a bowl full of sugar.

Fra.

Fra. Aye, aye, I love to make the best of things; but times are hard.

Bob. Yes, you carry them in broad characters on your face.

Fra. And very soon, I suppose, I shall pay for carrying my face; for every thing else seems to be taxed already. Why, citizen Kearsley gives us every year a whole new volume of taxes.

Ben. Notwithstanding, my good Sir, they have neither broken your back, nor seem to have pinched your corporation.

Bob. Frank is a true English mastiff; he feeds, and growls.

Ben. And as you have been very kind, Sir, in the good welcome you have given us, I will, in return, give you a receipt that will, in one single month, soften the times, and make the taxes sit easy.

Fra. Then, for all you have had, I am sure you will abundantly over-pay me.

Ben. Go back to Holland, in the water-balloon that brought us hither; stay a month, and, if my prescription do not work a cure, say I am no doctor.

Enter Post Boy.

Post B. The chaise is at the door, Sir.

Bob. Allons, then: And now, my lad, for Claypole; with all the expedition of an English mind, and an English pair of horses.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Scene changes to Ramble Hall.

RAMBLE and SAYWELL.

Ram. Where is the use of a fortune, if it do not put a man above those restraints that tie the vulgar down?

C 2

Say.

Say. If, when you have a mind to indulge an eccentric whim, an old greybeard is to call you to order, where, indeed, is the difference between you that have a fortune, and me that have none?

Ram. I did but say a civil thing, the other day, to farmer Butters's wife; and the old put cried out, "None of that, Sir."

Say. Had I been there, I would have cried, "pursue your game, Sir;" have blocked up his windows, and given you an opportunity of taking his wife through the door.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Farmer Butters, Sir, would be glad to speak to you.

Ram. Shew him in. *[Exit Servant.]*
Now, Saywell, mind; civility is the word.

Enter BUTTERS.

Well, Master Butters, whatever errand brought you hither, I am glad to see you.

Butt. Indeed, your honour, I wish it were a better; for, I am sorry to inform you, your pointer dog has mistaken my lambs for a covey of partridges, and made woeful havock among them.

Say. Are you sure, farmer, it was his honour's dog?

Butt. Yes, Master Saywell, I am: I know all his honour's puppies; I have got the ruffian in the stable, taken in the very act: there is another puppy or two of his; I should not care if I had them as safe.

Ram. No matter, farmer; do not be violent: I'll call on you, and see what mischief is done; and you shall, I promise you, have satisfaction.

(rings)

(rings the bell) You will take some refreshment before you go.

Butt. Thank your honour.

Enter SERVANT.

Ram. Take care of Master Butters.

[Exeunt Butters and Servant.]

Say. Now for a Machiavilian stroke! Let Ned make the farmer drunk, and put him to bed; and then go you, and settle the damages with his wife.

Ram. No, Saywell: thy fertile imagination outstrips my darings. I am not Machiavilian enough for those cool deliberate acts of rascality. When on the spur of passion, thou knowest I want no other spur. And I will say this for thee,—I never knew thee use the check-rein with me.

[Exit Ramble.]

Say. I do not half like this same squire Ramble. He has not spunk enough for me. His blood takes too long boiling. When up, 'tis well enough. He thinks too much. We trainers of the ennobled, or unnobled, if *well-nobled* fry, love not those thinking subjects. Davy knew very well, nothing was to be made of him; or he never would have turned him over to me. 'Tis all time lost, and I will have done with him. Or, it is odds but some cold freak takes him, and he will have done with me.

[Exit Saywell.]

Scene changes to Mr. HAWBERRY'S.

HARRIET and Mr. SIMNELL.

Har. You seem not well, Sir.

Simn. Yes, I am well, my dear; but rather out of spirits.

Har. And that is not being well.

Simn. This is the day, that two years backwards

lord Ramble robbed me of all the solace age and infirmities had left me.

Har. You think too much.

Simn. I think too late.

Har. And when that is the case, is it not best to drop thought?

Simn. It will not drop me. It presents to my recollection that phantom pride, which would not let me give the hand of a fond virtuous girl to honest Truby, that so well deserved it.

Har. Lord Ramble's pretensions, at that time so fair and honourable, might justify such your refusal, from the luring prospect of so advantageous an alliance.

Simn. You are good, to find excuses.

Har. And gracious heaven, I trust, hath yet in store some solace for you.

Simn. Aye, there I build. My glass is nearly run.

Har. I see my father and the colonel coming in. You may not be disposed for company. I will take a turn with you, if you please, in the garden: and shew you my bed of lilies.

Simn. Unfulfilled emblems of yourself. You are very good. *[Exeunt Simnell and Harriet.]*

Enter Colonel FIREBRACE and Mr. HAWBERRY.

Fireb. We seem to fright Mr. Simnell.

Hawb. We have all our drooping days; and this appears to be his.

And so you bring a good account of the young man from the camp?

Fireb. I will sum up all, I said to you more at large, in a few words: of which you will know the force. My eyes and ears, I assure you, were about him, when he least thought of it. I watched him closely; and was not sparing of my enquiries: but
ne'er

ne'er could find, either that he gamed with those that played; or drank with those that stuck too close to the bottle; or wenched with those that go a wenching: and yet the whole corps loved him.

Hawb. Why then, colonel, he shall have my daughter. I am not hasty in forming resolves; but, coolly made, I am hasty in the execution of them. His father tells me, he is at home: and I will fend for him.

Fireb. Lend us your hand, old friend. (*takes Hawberry by the hand*) When I see a man give his daughter liberty to marry the man she loves, and equalizes him to her on the broad base of merit only; I honour liberty and equality; though names, I own, somewhat worse for wearing.

Enter SERVANT (with the newspapers).

Hawb. Let some one go down to Mr. Simnell's, and tell captain Simnell I shall be glad to see him.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Are you not surpris'd, colonel, to see me so great a news-monger? The truth is, those papers are less for my own use, than that of my neighbours: who have a general invitation on a post-day, to take a cup of chocolate with me, and read them. And this I do, to give every man an opportunity of seeing what is going forwards with his own eyes; and thereby to prevent him from becoming the credulous dupe of a village orator.—There is Mr. Snarle, I see, coming up the avenue. He is one of those sharp-sighted gentry, who see every thing through a false medium: a very astronomer, through his opaque glass ever looking for spots in the sun. Of him, Peter Puff, a little pye-man in the parish, whom you will presently spy peeping about for his oracle, retails politics at second hand; and serves

them out with his penny pies at the neighbouring markets.

Enter SNARLE and SHADOW.

Snarle. Mr. Hawberry, your servant. Colonel Firebrace, I believe——

Fireb. At your service, Sir.

Shadow. Your servant, gentlemen.

Sn. This war does rarely well, colonel, for you gentlemen of the cockade: but I do not know who else get any thing by it.

Hawb. I think, Mr. Snarle, you are under some obligations to it, as a general subject of sarcasm. For I do not know what gentlemen, who carry a great deal of phlegm about them, would do without it.

Sn. You have lost, Sir, a fine oak-tree, which I saw lie across the road as I came along.

Shad. Aye, I saw it, and was sorry to see it: for when I see an oak-tree fallen, I always think of our poor navy.

Hawb. I am sorry for it too: but the war, I suppose, did not blow it down.

Sn. The war, I believe, ere long will blow us all down. Yes, yes, we shall all find our level.

Hawb. Then it will at least have this good, Mr. Snarle, that it will bring us all to that summit of political happiness, equality.

Sn. And pray what news, colonel, do you bring from the camp? Do you think the militia will fight?

Fireb. I know they will.

Sn. Why, did you ever see them fight?

Fireb. No; but I have smelled powder abroad, and felt the force of balls too; and there I have seen the British lads fight gallantly: and, if I take on me to say, our militia know how to handle their

their arms, I will leave you to say, why our lads should not fight here for every thing that is dear to them, as gallantly as they did in Flanders, where they had nothing to lose.

Sn. Now really, colonel, that is too great a joke to go down. What has a poor man to lose in England? Nothing, nothing, nothing; and they know it, colonel.

Hawb. I'll tell you, Mr. Snarle, what a poor man has to lose; what the poorest has:—his potatoe-yard, perhaps his pig, perhaps his cow; he has his little cot to lose, his castle—a palace to him that never knew a better; he has the wife of his bosom, the partner of his cares, the sharer of his joys; he has his children, dear to him as the ruddy drops of life, that on the wane of day welcome his return from labour, and with endearing rivalry climb his knees to share an envied kiss; he has the security of the laws for all these comforts, the same security that fences the property of you, or me,

Sn. You are warm, Mr. Hawberry.

Hawb. So I am; there are some subjects that make me foolishly so.

Shad. To wave the subject; do ye hear, gentlemen, who is to be our new collector of the land-tax, in the room of Mr. Stamp?

Hawb. The colonel, I believe, Mr. Shadow, can inform you:—it was the news of the camp, I understand, that we have him here. Did not you say, colonel, that Mr. Snarle was to be the man? (*privately beckons col. Firebrace.*)

Fireb. That was the general report.

Sn. I never heard a word of it.

Fireb. Through the interest, it was said, of—

Hawb. Lord Ramble, and I thought there might be

be some truth in it ; as I knew his Lordship always professed a great regard for Mr. Snarle.

Sn. Quite new to me, indeed ; quite unlooked for, I declare it.

Shad. I give you joy, Mr. Snarle, with all my heart.

Hawb. And I.

Fireb. And I.

Sn. I thank you, gentlemen ; but, indeed, it is more than I could have looked for.

Hawb. What say the papers, gentlemen ? (*takes up a newspaper.*)

Shad. (*having a newspaper in his hand*) They have been lately full of riots, about the militia-bill,

Sn. Aye ; but I declare I see no reason for them ; for if there be danger, it is fit that we should have a force to repel it.

Fireb. You are right, Mr. Snarle.

Shad. But you used to think, Mr. Snarle, there was no danger.

Sn. So I might, and so much the better ; but, forewarned, fore-armed, is my principle.

Shad. In good truth, I am almost inclined to think you have changed your principles.

Hawb. No ; Mr. Snarle rather seems to have just begun to act upon principle ; he has been used to take the wrong side of a question, only to shew his abilities ; but he is now right, to act in masquerade no longer.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Here are 'squire Ramble, Sir, farmer Butters, and others, about justice business ; and beg to speak to your worship.

Hawb. Will not Mr. Ramble walk in ?

Serv. No, Sir, he said not.

Hawb. Then I will attend him ; your leave, gentlemen. [Exit Servant.]

Fireb. I will take a turn in the garden.

Shad. And if you will give me leave, colonel, I will attend you.

Sn. And I will just cast my eye over the news.

Hawb. To look for the collectorship, I suppose. (apart to Firebrace.)

[Exeunt Hawberry, Firebrace, and Shadow.]

Sn. (takes up a newspaper.) This was very kind in lord Ramble, indeed.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Peter Puff, if you be at leisure, desires to speak to you.

Sn. I am rather engaged ; but I will speak to him. [Exit Servant.]

Enter PUFF.

Puff. I heard you were alone.

Sn. Great news, Peter.

Puff. Indeed !—have the French landed ?

Sn. No ; I do not think they will land.

Puff. Why you thought they would, last week.

Sn. True ; but we are changing our measures—increasing our militia, increasing our fencibles, spreading our fleets about the sea.

Puff. Whew !—what new politics are all these ?

Sn. And dost thou know, Peter, I am to be the new collector of the land-tax ?

Puff. But what good to poor old England will that do ?

Sn. A great deal ; I shall know how much money to the land-tax all this county produces ; I shall know how much is paid into the treasury ; I shall know how much, accordingly, ought to be paid out of the treasury.

Puff.

Puff. But still I do not see——

Sn. And you shall attend me, and write the receipts.

Puff. O——h.

Sn. Things will go better, friend Puff, depend on it. (*risés and takes his bat.*)

Puff. Are you going?

Sn. Yes, I have a great deal to do; you will come with me.

Puff. You have made my heart jump with joy! Old England will be saved, and we shall help to save it. [*Exeunt Snarle and Puff.*]

Enter SALLY SIMNELL.

Sally. Here hangs my fate: if this good man reject me, I still am lost.

Enter HAWBERRY.

Hawb. Heavens! who have we here? miss Simnell!——

Sally. Her, that once was she. Dreading my father's anger,—and, without the interference of some good friend, dreading to encounter the horror of his sufferings,—to you, who are all goodness, I resolved to make my first appeal.

Hawb. And whence come you?

Sally. Immediately from Amsterdam.

Hawb. Have you been long there?

Sally. It is a year ago, since there lord Ramble left me:—not in indigence, I own; he left me well supplied with money, and wished me to return to England: but, bereft of all that was most dear to me, my innocence, there seemed open to me no return:—my father, I feared, would have spurned me; those who knew my history, would have

have despised me; my friends—alas! I then had none,—I had lost them all.

Hawb. I love not to be too inquisitive, and rip up afresh the wounds of misfortune; but have you passed all the last twelvemonth there?

Sally. I have. After my little treasure was exhausted, imprisoned there so closely, that scarce the air could breathe upon me, for purposes I dare not name; and there, my honest, faithful Truby, whom you must well remember, found, and from that mansion of misery delivered me.

Hawb. And where is he?

Sally. Waiting with his friend in a chaise, at the gate.

Enter HARRIET.

Har. (*going back*). I did not know you were engaged, Sir.

Hawb. Come hither, my dear, and let me introduce you to an old friend—Miss Simnell.

Har. Miss Simnell!—mercy!—

Sally. You well may start, Miss Hawberry;—I am sadly altered.

Hawb. Harriet, take her to you: I need not add to you, pour balm into the wounds temptation's prevalence hath made; which the many, who never knew those trials, are with fastidious cruelty too apt to treat:—bless providence that you have escaped the evils she hath encountered, and be her protectress; and I trust,—Miss Simnell, excuse it if there be harshness in the suggestion,—I trust, your future conduct will justify such protection; you will go, my dear, with Miss Simnell into the parlour, and send for the gentlemen who brought her hither, and are waiting in a chaise at the gate. Is Mr. Simnell in the house?

Har.

Har. Yes, Sir; I saw him not five minutes ago with colonel Firebrace.

Hawb. That is very well.

[*Exeunt Harriet and miss Simnell.*]

How hard, I am thinking, is it, that one false step without retrieve should ruin! and yet, how necessary! for, were it otherwise, our domestic comforts would receive a grievous shock.

Enter SIMNELL and FIREBRACE.

How do you find yourself now, Mr. Simnell? I am sorry to hear you have not been very well.

Simn. I am better, Sir, I thank you, much better since a walk I took in your garden.

Hawb. You see, colonel, what pliant stuff our friend Snarle's principles are made of.

Fireb. I saw him bustling down the avenue, with Puff the pyeman, as Mr. Shadow told me, at his elbow. I am afraid he is going to put the news of his promotion in circulation; and, at the same time, the authority on which he received it.

Hawb. No matter; we will let him enjoy his delusion a little longer; it will do him no harm: time will evolve it, and we must get off as well as we can.

Enter SHADOW and SNARLE.

Shad. Bless us! I am told there has been a desperate fray between his honour Ramble and farmer Butters.

Hawb. Did you hear the particulars?

Sn. I had occasion to step into the village, and there I found every mouth full of it. His honour, they say, had been a little too civil to the farmer's wife. She was rather squeamish—the farmer fell upon

upon Ramble—his man did by Saywell the same; and they gave them the deuce of a drubbing.

Hawb. It is pretty near the truth.

Fireb. The farmer's wife, it seems, is an English one. We have not yet, Mr. Snarle, got French manners amongst us.

Sn. I hope we never shall.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. 'Squire Ramble, Sir, insisted on me coming to tell you, that if you did not immediately release him, he would have you before the court of King's Bench before a month be over.

Hawb. Go, and tell Mr. Ramble, I will not release him, till he has made full satisfaction to the injured parties; which if he still refuse, I will make out his mittimus, and send him to close confinement. And tell him further, that if he have a mind to carry me before the king himself, God bless him! I'll be ready to go; in full assurance, that I shall receive his majesty's thanks for all I have done.

[Exit Servant.]

The case is this: Mr. Ramble, and that pandar to his vices, Saywell, wanted me to grant them a warrant against Butters and his man for an assault. But, upon a fair investigation of the business, it turned out, that Ramble had grossly ill treated Butters's wife; that Saywell, to favour his attempt, had engaged the farmer in a quarrel; that both of them had set upon him, which his man observing, went to his assistance; and both together, as Mr. Snarle told you, gave the young gentlemen a very handsome dressing. They are now in my library, in the custody of the constable. You know what answer I sent by the servant; and they shall certainly find me as good as my word.

Sn.

Sn. But might there not, Sir, be a little respect paid to a gentleman of Mr. Ramble's rank?

Hawb. The laws of England, Sir, know nothing of rank; they know no difference between the huttet villager, and the inhabitant of a castle.

Fireb. This, Mr. Snarle, if I understand equality, is the very thing, the substance of it: now, go to France, and weigh it against the name, and see which kicks the beam.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Captain Simnell, Sir.

Hawb. Desire my daughter to come hither.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Captain SIMNELL.

Hawb. How do you do, Mr. Simnell?

Simn. Very much at your service, Sir.

Enter HARRIET.

Hawb. I desired to see you upon a matter of serious business; we are all friends here, and having formed a resolution, the sooner in such a case I discharge my mind of it, I always think, the better: I have long understood that you and my daughter have conceived a mutual attachment to each other; I suppose it to be on both sides real, and, by every observation I could make, and every information I could obtain, I find good reason to believe you possessed of a fair share of merit: there is your father; if he gives his consent to your union, you have mine, in full confidence, that if you do not make my daughter great, you will make her happy.

Fireb. I have been his sponsor; and, devil take me, if he do not, I will cut his throat, or he shall cut mine.

Simn.

Simm. Indeed, Sir, you have made my wounds bleed fresh again, and taught me, by the greatness of your example, what I ought to have done. O! had I been so taught, so lessoned two years ago; I might have saved a daughter, and been happy!

Fireb. (*puts Harriet's hand into young Simnell's*) There, now, go to your father, and then to your father, and then to church; and then I suppose you know what you are to do next.

Y. Simn. (*with Harriet going up to Mr. Hawberry*) Your goodness overcomes me beyond the powers of expression: I have not words to thank you as I would; my future life shall thank you.

Hawb. My blessing attend you!

Harr. Heaven long preserve your valuable life! and my employment shall be to tend it.

Y. Simn. (*going with Harriet to Mr. Simnell*) Your seal of sanction to my duty bids me ask.

Simm. It scarcely needs request; I wish I had more to add to it.

Harr. Thank heaven! 'tis all we want.

Sn. (*apart to Firebrace*) Pray, colonel, can you tell who, in particular, it was, of whom you might hear the news of the collectorship?

Fireb. No, 'faith, I cannot; 'twas rumour, rumour—a general rumour.

Hawb. (*rings the bell*)

Enter SERVANT.

Desire the company in the parlour to walk in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

And now, Mr. Simnell, nerve your heart, and prepare yourself for greater wonders.

Enter miss SIMNELL, TRUBY, BOWLING, and KITTY.

Simm. Gracious heaven! my child! my lost child!

D

child!

child! (*miss Simnell throws herself into his arms.*)
Do I again embrace my child? or is it all illusion?

Sally. Do I again gaze fondly on a father? hear the name of child? O Truby, generous Truby, I owe it all to thee.

Simm. And I will thank thee, gallant, good young man; I'll do thy virtues justice, by such return of gratitude as I can make. Oh, had I done it sooner! (*embraces Truby.*)

Bob. I ask no thanks. If I have done well, I feel, above all thanks, a something here (*clapping his hand upon his breast*); but, at best, half only of the thanks are mine: my honest messmate here divides them with me.

Simm. And with the grateful heart of a fond parent I will thank him too (*takes Bowling by the hand*).

Bob. But, Sir, I have a boon to ask: if I have saved to you a daughter, have I also saved her to myself? have I your consent to call her mine?

Simm. Most freely; and could I with her—could I recal past time——

Ben. I thought how it would be: speed thee well then, honest Bob; I'll see thee fairly moored: then, as my country wants a few such hands as these (*claps his hands*), this pair is at her service.

Bob. Right, my soul; and I too, though tied down as thou seest me here, will add my mite to shield her from all the blessings we were witness to in Holland.

Fireb. Are you lately from Holland, gentlemen?

Ben. Aye, piping hot from Amsterdam; where we left French fraternization, and all the joys of it, for poor solitary England.

Bob. In good truth did we: cheeses, stockings, wives, daughters, all in requisition; all in common: a perfect state of nature.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. An exprefs, Sir, has brought a letter to Mr. Ramble, which he hath sent to you. (*gives Hawberry a letter*)

Hawb. (*opens it and reads.*)

My lord,

Your brother, the late lord Ramble, left this world laft night : according to his direction, his will was opened, and read this morning ; he has left you his heir and fole executor, charging his eftates only with a few legacies, the chief of which are a thoufand pounds a piece to certain young women whom he had feduc'd, " being the only reparation (as he himfelf words it), which, with fad remorfe, at that awful hour, he found himfelf able to make ;" and five thoufand pounds he leaves to mifs Simnell.

I am, my lord,

Your lordfhip's moft humble fervant,

Bath, Dec. 19.

PETER PARCHMENT.

Defire Mr. Ramble to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bob. Then, Ben, thou wilt take me with thee, and we'll to fea again.

Sal. What means my Truby ? am I at once grown ugly in thine eye ?

Bob. No ; but thou art grown rich.

Sal. And doft thou fcan my mind by fuch a meafure ? meafure it by thy own. No, Truby, thou fhalt never leave me ; whatever I have is thine : I am thine : nor wealth, nor dignity, nor any power on earth, with that good man's confent (*pointing to her father*), fhall ever wrefte thee from me.

Simn. Again thou freely haft it.

Enter

Enter RAMBLE.

Hawb. My lord, I congratulate you on your honours; and, as a friend and neighbour, interestedly hope you will wear them well. The infringement of the laws, into which passion and ill-advisers may have betrayed you, falls not now under my cognizance: you are amenable to a higher tribunal.

Ram. Mr. Hawberry, standing now on the higher ground I do, I feel my prospect open; and look down with concern on my past eccentricities. Your conduct shall in future be the example by which I will square my own. You have opened my eyes, and taught me, that, in these realms of true liberty and real equality, there is no one so high as with impunity to insult the laws, nor any so low as to be beneath the claim of their protection.



THE END.